

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One copy, one year.....\$ 1.50
One copy, six months..... 1.00
One copy, three months..... .50
No deduction from these rates under any circumstances.

As we are compelled by law to pay postage in advance on papers sent outside of Ohio only, we are forced to require payment on subscriptions in advance.

All letters on business must be addressed to JOHN P. BARRETT, Publisher.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
Baptist—Services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Saturday night preceding.—W. F. Bennett, pastor.
M. E. Church—Services third Sunday and Sunday night in each month.—Rev. W. W. Cook, pastor.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.
Circuit Court.
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.
J. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.

CRIMINAL COURT.
Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Clermont.
Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Clermont.

QUARTERLY COURT.
Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Clermont.
Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Clermont.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.
Assessors—James Stuart, Hartford.
J. L. Morton, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.
Circuit District—No. 1.
Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Clermont.

CONSTABLES.
A list of the Constables of Ohio County and their Post Office address:
Casey District—No. 1.
W. H. Keel, Constable.

POLICE COURTS.
Hartford—W. H. Keel, Judge, second Monday in January, April, July and October.
W. H. Keel, Marshal.

LODGE MEETINGS.
A. Y. M.
Hartford Lodge, No. 156.
Meets third Monday night in each month.

R. A. M.
Keystone Chapter, No. 110.
Meets second Monday night in each month.

I. O. O. F.
Hartford Lodge No. 158.
Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., on the second and fourth Saturday evenings in each month.

I. O. G. T.
Hartford Lodge No. 12.
Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.
Trainer their Professional Services to the citizens of Louisville and vicinity.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 4. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY, OCTOBER 10, 1878. NO. 39.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

What a San Francisco Chronicle Knows About His Death.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.
[You say that Edgar Allan Poe did not die from the effects of deliberate dissipation? Asked a Chronicle reporter.]

"That is just what I mean; and I say further that he died from the effect of deliberate murder."

This was a strange assertion—strange in being a flat contradiction of a fact, or otherwise a theory, recorded in detail in the history of American literature.

The author of the assertion was a well-known member of the city's advanced and inveterate Bohemia, a gentleman who has long since retired from the active pursuits of his profession and spends his days in dreamy meditation, frequenting one of the popular resorts of the craft, but mingling little in the idle babble of the throng.

When drawn into conversation it is generally to correct some error from his inexhaustible mine of reminiscence, and on such occasions his words are few and precise.

"Then you know something of the poet and his history, do you?"

"With a few others I was one of his intimate associates for years. Much that has been written of him and regarding his death is false. Poe was not what is called a periodical drunkard, holding himself to spells of total sobriety and then giving way to violent bouts of intemperance; but he was a steady drinker, and when his means permitted he would drink to excess. His habitual resort in Baltimore was the widow Meagher's place. This was an over-stated and liquor bar on the city front, corresponding in some respects with the coffee-shops in San Francisco. It was frequented much by the printers and men engaged in the shipping office, and ranked as a respectable place, where parties could read the papers, enjoy a game of cards or engage in social conversation. Poe was a frequent visitor with the old woman. You would always see him sitting just behind the oyster-stand, and about as quiet and sociable as an oyster himself. He went by the name of Bard, and when parties came into the shop, it was Bard, come up and take a nip, or 'Bard take a hand in this game.' He was a sort of pensioner on his acquaintances, as far as drinks were concerned. Whenever the old woman met with any incident or idea that tickled her fancy she would ask Bard to verify it. Poe always complied, writing many a witty couplet, and at times poems of considerable length. Much of his poetical work, quite as meritorious as some by which his name was immortalized, was thus frittered into obscurity. It was in this little shop that Poe's attention was called to an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper of a prize for a meritorious story, and it was here that he composed his famous 'Gold Bug,' which took the prize. I heard him read it before he sent it to Philadelphia, and when it was announced that his story was successful, the widow Meagher gave him the money to go on and obtain the prize."

"But how about his death?"

"Poe had been shifting between Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York for several years. He had been away from Baltimore about three months and turned up one evening at the widow's. It was there when he came in. Bard had made a little raise North, and it was drinks all around, with repeat, until the crowd were down jolly. It was the night before an election, and the party started up and down. There were four of us, and we had not gone half a dozen squares before we were nabbed by policemen, who were looking up to us to 'coop.' It was the practice in those days to stop people drunk or sober, lock them up until the polls were opened, and then march them to every precinct in control of the party having the 'coop.' This coop was in the rear of the engine-house on Calvert street. It was part of the game to stupefy the prisoners with drugged liquor. The next day we were voted thirty different places and over and over, it being as much as a man's life was worth to rebel. Poe was so badly drugged that he was carried on two or three litters, and then the gang said that it was no use trying to vote a dead man any longer, so they shoved him in a cab and sent him to the hospital to get him out of the way."

"Well, he died from dissipation?"

"Nothing of the kind. He died from laudanum or some other poison that was forced on him in the coop. He was in a dying condition while he was being voted twenty or thirty times in Baltimore. The story told by Griswold of his having been on a week's spree and being picked up on the street in a drunken condition is a lie."

"Well, what about the general character given to Poe by Griswold and others?"

"I have nothing to say, only that Poe was a great poet, and he owed nothing when he died."

Prairie Dogs.
It has always been a subject of curiosity and inquiry as to how and where prairie dogs, living on the prairies far away from any river or stream, obtain their water. Mr. F. Leach, formerly of Mercer county, Penn., and a frontiersman of experience asserts that the dogs dig their own wells, each village having one with a conical opening. It matters not how far down the water may be, the dogs will keep on digging until they reach it. He knows of one such well 200 feet deep, and having a circular staircase leading down to the water. Every time a dog wants a drink he descends the staircase, considering the distance, is no mean task. In digging for water the animals display as much pluck as in resisting the efforts of settlers to expel them from the land of their progenitors.

WIT IN COURT.

Keen and cutting words, or even trifling incidents, indulged in at the expense of counsel, have sometimes met with swift retribution. Plunkett was once engaged in a case, when toward the end of the afternoon it became a question whether the Court should proceed or adjourn till the next day. Plunkett expressed his willingness to go on if the jury would "set."

"Set, sir, set, sir," said the presiding Judge, "not 'set,' 'house set.'"

"I thank you, my Lord," said Plunkett.

The case proceeded, and presently the Judge had occasion to observe that if that were the case he feared the action would not "lay."

"Lie, my Lord, lie," exclaimed the barrister, "not 'lay,' 'hens lay.'"

"If you don't stop your coughing sir," said a hasty and irritable Judge, "I'll fine you a hundred pounds." "I'll give you lordship two hundred if you can stop it for me," was the ready reply.

Curran was once addressing a jury, when the Judge, who was thought to be antagonistic to his client, intimated his dissent from the arguments advanced by a shake of the head. "I see gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the dissent from my client's case. I am a married man, and I am sure that in ninety days of my delivery, or the least will be liable for her husband's debts."

Any married woman over twenty years of age may dispose of her property by will, provided her husband's consent is endorsed on the will in writing. If the devise is to her husband, his consent is not necessary. Wills must be signed in the presence of three subscribing witnesses.

In Rhode Island, a married woman is entitled to her separate estate, which is not liable for her husband's debts, nor can he control the use of it. She may dispose of it by will in presence of three subscribing witnesses.

In Connecticut, the wife is entitled to her separate estate, which she owned before marriage. The proceeds of any property granted to her after marriage are held by the husband as trustee for her and her children, and his executors must account for the same. With the consent of her husband she may dispose of her property by will, which must be signed in the presence of three witnesses.

Capt. Pat. Donnan on Papers.
A NEW PAPER.
One more unfortunate, headless of evil, ready to die, down to the devil.

Why any man, sane or insane, with a sound body and a chance to cultivate his neighbor's watermelon patch and smokehouse after night, should ever want to be an editor is more than we can tell. It is a conundrum that stumps us as plump as a sunnyside grub does a horse, or as a common sense question does an average politician.

As for us, give us liberty or give us a respectable death with an undisturbed corpse and a good looking girl to kiss us for our mother. An editor! Everybody's pecking-bird and away-back pack mule. Ten thousand times a million rather let us be a boot-black, chimney-sweep, penitentiary bird or Congressman; be mud clerk on a coal range, deck hand in a tripe factory, engineer of a one-donkey power or canal boat, dairy maid with an aged ox and two he-goats as our stock in trade, servant girl in a poor house or an orphan asylum; be a stock gambler, railroad director, president of a sausage shine, rag venter, charcoal hawker, governor, or dapper John whangdoodle; anything, everything but an editor.

And yet, there are victims, self-domed, ever ready to sacrifice themselves on the ink-smeared altar of endless and thankless drudgery. One has just stepped forward and offered his accommodating trousers rear to the public boot-lick in Richmond, fair Richmond on the "Jeuneur." He is our friend, C. R. Whipple, whom we were expecting out here in Bentoville. His baiting, brainy fellow, and his paper sparkles like a wheat field full of lightning but—wish him far more luck than most men find in the line of life he has chosen, and trust he may escape the rag man and buzzards in the world and the printer's devil in the next.

Man's vapor, full of woe, stuck a paper, up he goes. [Bentonville (Ark.) Advance.]

She lived on Broadway, and the minister has called in on one of his rounds of visits to his flock. They had talked about the spiritual needs of the neighborhood, and she had told him how much she had worried over the sinful condition of some of her dear friends, and how much she had grieved and sorrowed in spirit that her dear friend and sister next door was not in the church; and the minister sympathized with her, prayed for them, and then thought what a dear Christian sister this was; and she said she would go and get a watermelon for the pastor to carry home to his family. And through a crack in the kitchen door the voice of the "dear sister's" big boy was heard: "Not by a d—n sight. I ain't goin' over there. The last time I crawled through the fence and hooked a melon she pounded me with a broom, and I ain't got to try that she game again, you bet." And the "dear sister" came back and said she was so sorry, but her husband had carried the melon to a poor family who had no luxuries. He was so charitable, dear man, too much so for his own good. And the minister and it didn't matter, and it was just as well; and went home and wrote a sermon on the subject of hypocrisy.

Davies County Seizes the West Point Cadetship.
The competitive examination of candidates for the West Point cadetship, to which this Congressional district will be entitled at the conclusion of Thomas Cruse's course next summer, took place in Madisonville, last Thursday, before the board chosen by Hon. J. A. McKenzie, and composed of Prof. Boring and Dr. J. E. Haynes, of Hopkins, and Dr. J. E. Haynes, of Webster. The aspirants were ten in number and all good material, but Irvin W. Haynes, of Davies, and Sam A. Vance, Jr., of Henderson, were the chief contestants. Both sustained their examination remarkably well. The average of Vance was ninety-four and seven-eighths, and Haynes ninety-six and twenty-five thirty-fifths—perfect being represented by one hundred. Irvin W. Haynes, the successful candidate, was raised near Whitesville, in this county, and is a brother of James O. H. and G. R. Haynes, of this city. He is as worthy of this excellent opportunity as his examination showed him capable. Davies county has reason to rejoice that her young men have so frequently borne off this prize in contests where the severest tests are applied.—Owensboro Messenger.

So old lady from the South said she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a New England town a large sign: "Smith Manufacturing Company."

Married Women's Rights in the Eastern States.

In Maine a married woman may become possessed of real or personal property by bequest, demise, gift or purchase in her own name, and as her own property.

After marriage she still retains the custody of the property owned by her before marriage, and the same is exempt from liability for the debts of her husband.

She may sue in her own name to recover back her separate property. In the event of her death without a will, her property, real and personal, descends to the heirs.

She has full power to make a will, which requires three witnesses. In New Hampshire, a married woman can hold property in her own name, make contracts, sue and be sued, and can dispose of her property by will, and in case of her death without a will, her husband is excluded from any share in her estate.

It will require three witnesses. In Vermont a married woman is entitled to the same rights of property as in New Hampshire. Wills require three subscribing witnesses.

In Massachusetts, a married woman may hold property separate from her husband without the intervention of a trustee. A deed conveying land to a married woman must be recorded within ninety days of its delivery, or the debt will be liable for her husband's debts.

Any married woman over twenty years of age may dispose of her property by will, provided her husband's consent is endorsed on the will in writing. If the devise is to her husband, his consent is not necessary. Wills must be signed in the presence of three subscribing witnesses.

In Rhode Island, a married woman is entitled to her separate estate, which is not liable for her husband's debts, nor can he control the use of it. She may dispose of it by will in presence of three subscribing witnesses.

In Connecticut, the wife is entitled to her separate estate, which she owned before marriage. The proceeds of any property granted to her after marriage are held by the husband as trustee for her and her children, and his executors must account for the same. With the consent of her husband she may dispose of her property by will, which must be signed in the presence of three witnesses.

A Sharp Lawyer Caught.
One of those shrewd, sharp and sarcastic lawyers, of the class who take demagogical joy and unrepentant pride in twisting a witness into a labyrinth of difficulties, had occasion some time ago to cross-examine a gentleman of some little prominence. The sharp lawyer managed, after much skillful maneuvering, to so confuse the witness that the only answer he could obtain to his question was: "I don't recollect."

When the lawyer had this answer returned to him a score or so of times, his patience gave out. "Tell me, Mr. J.," he exclaimed, with biting sarcasm, "do you ever remember anything?"

"I can," was the response. "Can you carry your memory back for twenty years and tell me a single instance that happened then?"

"Yes, I think I can," returned the witness, who had gained some composure. "Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer, gleefully rubbing his hands in orthodox legal fashion. "Now, that is comforting. What is this instance you remember so well?"

"Well, sir, I remember about twenty years ago, when you were admitted to the bar, your father came to me to borrow thirty dollars to buy you a suit you might make a presentable appearance at the commencement, and I have a distinct recollection that your father never paid the thirty dollars back to me."

Confusion changed hands at this point of the proceedings, and the lawyer dismissed the witness without more ado.

The Sun Moves.
Rev. John Jasper, colored, of Virginia, combats the idea that the sun stands still by the following argument: The five kings of the Ammonites, having a quarrel with the Gibberites, came down to fight them, and the Jews buckled to them. They fit and fit, and right here I'm gwine to prove to you by this blessed book that the sun do move suah! For Joshua said, 'Lord, the battle cut I be four before the sun goes down behind the Western hills.' And the Lord said, 'Joshua, tell the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon.' So the sun stood still in the midst of the heavens and hastened not to go down about a whole day. Do you want more proof than that? Take Hessehiah, where the sun went back ten degrees. And Solomon says, in Ecclesiastes, first chapter, fifth verse, 'The sun ariseth and the sun goeth down and hastened to his place where he arose.' Now, Solomon was a smart man, and knew something, and is entitled to respect, and that's what he says. Now, I want to ask the grammarians something: What is the meaning of the word 'arise'? Don't it mean something that goes down stairs, or gets up and moves about? If I haven't proved that the sun do move, then my name ain't Jasper! Don't take my word for it, take God's. He says so. Will you make God a liar? But they say the earth moves—that the earth turns over. Phaw! An astronomer told me it turned over and over and over! Why, don't you see, if it did, all the water would fall out of the rivers, and we'd all be drowned. Drowned! I tell you. And if the earth turned over, all the houses would tumble down and the territories turn over, and you and I could be standing on our heads half the time!

I have proved by the Bible that the sun do move. The Bible was cherished by our fathers, we kin do better than cherish it ourselves, and teach our children to cherish it. But don't believe the earth turns over, for you know that you can't stand on your heads all night!

So saying, the Rev. John Jasper banged the Bible together, and walked down to the railing, where he received congratulations of scores of black admirers.

The Girls of Vienna.

[Chicago Times' Vienna Letter.]
At ten or eleven o'clock supper is announced, and a supper it is in good earnest. People do little else in Vienna except to eat, and drink old wine and beer. The ladies in general dress very richly, wearing soft silks and exquisite lace at dinner parties. Jewels, too, are not lacking, and are always worn in good taste. The young girls, or ladies, I should say, from fifteen to twenty, have the most perfect form imaginable. Their waists are round and slender, their shoulders slope with Venetian accuracy, but the bust is the crowning beauty. I never saw anything to equal the Viennese décolleté. It is the form and development of a woman with the face of a young girl; but what perfection! I have a weakness for beauty myself, and never see slender waist and shapely hand but I think "what a gift is meloness," and when, as in Vienna, the hand is only half the beauty of the neck and arms, I think the fashion of dressing young maidens quite perfect. Usually they wear white and fleecy folds of soft tulle adorning every "corsage" (waist). The arms are always bare from the elbow and sometimes entirely so from the shoulder.

Up to the present I have never seen but the most perfectly-shaped hands and arms, and the slender wrists that look so white and beautiful are like carved marble or the picture in the gallery at the Hague in Holland. We can see that the Flemish and German artists have not far to look for their models. At present all the ladies wear black shoes like those known by the name "Oxford shoes," and if not always appropriate, they are much more convenient and cheaper, although the general richness of the toilet hardly suggests the idea of economy.

A Sharp Lawyer Caught.
One of those shrewd, sharp and sarcastic lawyers, of the class who take demagogical joy and unrepentant pride in twisting a witness into a labyrinth of difficulties, had occasion some time ago to cross-examine a gentleman of some little prominence. The sharp lawyer managed, after much skillful maneuvering, to so confuse the witness that the only answer he could obtain to his question was: "I don't recollect."

When the lawyer had this answer returned to him a score or so of times, his patience gave out. "Tell me, Mr. J.," he exclaimed, with biting sarcasm, "do you ever remember anything?"

"I can," was the response. "Can you carry your memory back for twenty years and tell me a single instance that happened then?"

"Yes, I think I can," returned the witness, who had gained some composure. "Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer, gleefully rubbing his hands in orthodox legal fashion. "Now, that is comforting. What is this instance you remember so well?"

"Well, sir, I remember about twenty years ago, when you were admitted to the bar, your father came to me to borrow thirty dollars to buy you a suit you might make a presentable appearance at the commencement, and I have a distinct recollection that your father never paid the thirty dollars back to me."

Confusion changed hands at this point of the proceedings, and the lawyer dismissed the witness without more ado.

The Sun Moves.
Rev. John Jasper, colored, of Virginia, combats the idea that the sun stands still by the following argument: The five kings of the Ammonites, having a quarrel with the Gibberites, came down to fight them, and the Jews buckled to them. They fit and fit, and right here I'm gwine to prove to you by this blessed book that the sun do move suah! For Joshua said, 'Lord, the battle cut I be four before the sun goes down behind the Western hills.' And the Lord said, 'Joshua, tell the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon.' So the sun stood still in the midst of the heavens and hastened not to go down about a whole day. Do you want more proof than that? Take Hessehiah, where the sun went back ten degrees. And Solomon says, in Ecclesiastes, first chapter, fifth verse, 'The sun ariseth and the sun goeth down and hastened to his place where he arose.' Now, Solomon was a smart man, and knew something, and is entitled to respect, and that's what he says. Now, I want to ask the grammarians something: What is the meaning of the word 'arise'? Don't it mean something that goes down stairs, or gets up and moves about? If I haven't proved that the sun do move, then my name ain't Jasper! Don't take my word for it, take God's. He says so. Will you make God a liar? But they say the earth moves—that the earth turns over. Phaw! An astronomer told me it turned over and over and over! Why, don't you see, if it did, all the water would fall out of the rivers, and we'd all be drowned. Drowned! I tell you. And if the earth turned over, all the houses would tumble down and the territories turn over, and you and I could be standing on our heads half the time!

I have proved by the Bible that the sun do move. The Bible was cherished by our fathers, we kin do better than cherish it ourselves, and teach our children to cherish it. But don't believe the earth turns over, for you know that you can't stand on your heads all night!

So saying, the Rev. John Jasper banged the Bible together, and walked down to the railing, where he received congratulations of scores of black admirers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Yearly	Half Yearly	Quarterly	Monthly	Weekly	Daily
1.00	.50	.25	.12	.06	.03
2.00	1.00	.50	.25	.12	.06
3.00	1.50	.75	.37	.18	.09
4.00	2.00	1.00	.50	.25	.12
5.00	2.50	1.25	.62	.31	.15
6.00	3.00	1.50	.75	.37	.18
7.00	3.50	1.75	.87	.43	.21
8.00	4.00	2.00	1.00	.50	.25
9.00	4.50	2.25	1.12	.56	.28
10.00	5.00	2.50	1.25	.62	.31

For shorter lines, proportionately in rates. One inch of space constitutes one square.

SOUTH LOUISVILLE PRIVATE MEDICAL
RAILROAD LINE
WITHOUT CHANGE
AND WITH
SPEED UNRIVALED
For information in regard to rates and times, address
P. F. ARTHUR, East Fifth & Third Sts., Louisville, Ky.

MARRIED BUTTS
LIFE No. 12 N. Eighth St.
St. Louis, Mo.
This is the only publication in the world that gives the names of all the married couples in the United States, and the names of all the children born to them. It is a valuable reference work for all who are interested in the lives of the married couples of the United States. It is published by the Married Butts Life Co., St. Louis, Mo.

OPPIUM
This is the only publication in the world that gives the names of all the opium smokers in the United States, and the names of all the children born to them. It is a valuable reference work for all who are interested in the lives of the opium smokers of the United States. It is published by the Opium Smokers Life Co., St. Louis, Mo.

PICKETT TOBACCO WARHOUSE
Cor. Eighth and Main Streets,
SPRATT & CO.,
Proprietors,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

HARTFORD HOUSE
W. T. KING, J. T. MOORE,
Proprietors.
This House is now well furnished and is comfortable and all who may give me a call.

WALKER & HUBBARD, LAWYERS,
Hartford, Ky.
Special attention given to obtaining Discharge in Bankruptcy.
HENRY D. MOORE, B. W. HILL,
McHENRY & HILL,
ATTORNEYS COUNSELORS AT LAW
HARTFORD, KY.

WANTED 1000 AGENTS
for our new
phone and photograph money in the five of the G. W. FOSTER outfit on receipt of \$1.00. G. W. FOSTER, 101 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Grant's Hotel.

W. R. McDOWELL, MCHENRY, KY.
Druggist
Chemicals, Liquors,
Brandy and Wine for medicinal purposes, Oils, Essences, Perfumes, Paints, Dye-stuffs, Patent Medicines, &c., &c. Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded, day or night.